Numb. 67.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quis Vetat ?

From Wednesday December 7, to Friday December 9, 1709.

Arabella's Day.

Emilia and I having at an *India-house* muddl'd away a little of our own Money, were ſitting to obſerve the Variety of the Company that frequent thoſe Places, and how different their Fancies were in *Pictures, Fans, China*, and ſuch faſhionable Impertinences. ——*Lady Praiſe-All*, ſurvey'd the *Nick-nackatory* with an *Amazement*, as if ſhe had received a new Senſe; theſe *Cups* were charming, thoſe *Stones* unparallel'd, and ſuch prodigious *Jarrs* were never heard of, ev'ry thing was diſplac'd to oblige her Ladyſhip's Curioſity, who proteſted, ſhe ſhou'd n't grudge to ſpend an Eſtate on things ſo prodigiouſly fine, drank a Gallon of *Tea*, and marched off without laying out Six Pence. Mrs *Trifleton* came ſo full of *Commiſſions* from Ladies in the Country, that we thought ſhe wou'd have emptied the *Ware-houſe*, and ſtar'd at the *handſome 'Prentice*, as if ſhe expected to have him into the Bargain: She wanted finer things than were ever made, and cou'd they have been had, wou'd have demanded them cheaper than they were bought: She bid Three Half Crowns for a two *Guinea Fan*, wanted Chocolate *all Nutt*, for Eighteen Pence a Pound, and beat down the beſt *Imperial Tea* to the Price of *Sage o' Virtue*; *Japan-work* ſhe thought at an exceſſive Rate, *China Images* were *Idolatrous*, and *India Pictures* were the fooliſheſt Things, ſhe'd have had 'em ha' given her a Dozen: At laſt, having poſitive Orders from my Lady *Smoak-and-Sot* of *Exeter*, to buy her a *Stone ſpitting Pot*, ſhe ſhook her Head at the dearneſs of it, and order'd 'em to ſet it down to her.——Mrs. *Honey-ſuckle* was two Hours pleaſing herſelf in a Paper *Noſegay*, and Mrs. *Delf* employ'd Five People to match her a Groat *Cup*; on a ſudden, ſtops a *Leathern Conveniency* at the Door, with Four Fellows *of the World* behind it, in the gayeſt Liveries I ever ſaw, out of which comes a Couple of *Quality Quakers*: They mov'd in like *diſdainful Dutcheſſes*, who complain of *Corns* if they Walk but croſs a Room, rowl'd about their *Sanctify'd Eyes*, as if 'twere Condeſcention in 'em to appear upon *Earth*, and with abundance of Reluctancy one of 'em vouchſafed us a *Bow*, inſtead of a *Court'ſie*. *Emilia* and I were not a little pleaſed to remark the *Pride* and *Singularity* in *Dreſs*, *Speech* and *Behaviour* in that *Sect of People*, ſumm'd up in theſe two Statues, their Cloaths were *Coſtly* without making any *Show*, and tho' they abominate Prophane *Pinners* and *Topknots*, yet by the Diſpoſition of their *Locks*, and the *artful Crimping* of their *Hoods* upon *Wyers*, they ſhow'd themſelves equally Vain, and that they had taken as much Pains to be *Particular* as other *Ladies* do, to appear like the reſt of the World; yet notwithſtanding all their ſeeming Plainneſs, the *Old Man* had crept in among 'em for *Watches*, *Tweezer Caſes*, *Gold Chains*, and a *Patch* or two to cover *pretended* Pimples. When they had with ſecret Satisfaction receiv'd all the Ceremonious Addreſs of——*Ladies, your moſt Obedient,——Do me the Honour*, &c. which they expect from People of the *World*, without vouchſafing any other return than a preciſe *Nod*; in a ſighing Tone they enquir'd for *Fine Tea-Tables*, *Gilded Cabinets*, *Glaſs Sconces*, and all the richeſt Things, more proper to adorn the *Palace* of a *Prince*, than to *dizen* out a *Tea and Nay Parlour* in *Hand Alley*: Whatever bore a moderate Price was *Traſh and Trumpery*.——*Doſt Thee think my* Ananias *can Eat his Barley Gruel out of ſuch Courſe Ware?*——But a *Japan Baſon* of Ten Guineas is fit for the *Pure Ones*, to make *Gooſeberry Fool* in, and the *Pieces* mov'd as gradually out of their Pockets, as if the *Spirit* had directed each in its proper Place, according to the Seniority of their being Coin'd.——*Suſanna* having Drank too much *Green Tea*, was ſeized with a violent Fit of the *Cholick*, ſo that the *Creature Roſa Solus* was forc'd to be call'd for; *Rachel* too being apprehenſive of that *Diabolical* Diſtemper, by way of *Prevention* taſted of that *tempting* Liquor, which, they ſay, thoſe *Carnal* Women call'd *Dutcheſſes* Guzzle. At that abominable Rate the *Demure Siſters* ſipp'd up a whole *Quart*, but their *Heads* not being the leaſt *Intoxicated* with the *Fomps* and *Vanities* of the *World*, it only made 'em *Chearful*, and being *pure* in *Spirit*, they were very much *rejoyc'd*; but as in this wicked Age Misfortunes will happen to afflict the *Upright*, *Collonel Sturdy*, one of the greateſt Rakes that ever kept *Baſſet Bank*, or carried *Doxy* out of the *Side Box*, happen'd to Reel in, ſeiz'd upon *Suſanna*, ſmuggl'd her as if ſhe had been a beaſtly *Orange Wench*, and Swore ſo prodigiouſly, that *Rachel* ſtagger'd, and was falling into a Swoon, had not the *Collonel* left *Suſanna*, and taken her into his Arms; *Rachel*, tho in wondrous Confuſion, had the Preſence of Mind to ſay,——*Dear Man, who ar't call'd Collonel, do any thing to me, but don't Swear*,——*Suſanna*, with Robuſt *Zeal*, divides *Rachel* and the *Collonel*, and told him, that tho he had the aſſurance to accoſt her in that *luſtful* manner, he ought to have ſhown more Reverence to *Rachel*, who had been a *Speaker* theſe Seven Years: *Rachel* accuſed *Suſanna* of Incivility, and ſaid,—*What the Man did to thee, Siſter, was blame worthy, and thou ought'ſt to chide him for't; but 'twas kind and tender in him, to ſupport my Weakneſs, or I had ſtumbled and fell!* In ſhort, the Sanctify'd Siſters quarrell'd ſo about a *Libertine*, whom ev'n looſe Women, that Sin with ſome Reſtraint, abominate for his Inconſtancy; that 'twas with no ſmall ſtruggling they conceal'd their Enmity

Enmity from the Servants, and went home together in the ſame Coach.

Emilia and I were ſo crowded with Reflections on what we had ſeen, that we had hardly Patience to vent 'em without interrupting each other; but at length our Sentiments appear'd to be much the ſame, That *Quakers* are the moſt deſigning, deceitful Sect of Creatures in the World, who aſſume more *Pride* and exact more *Homage* from their ſeeming Sanctity, than the truly Pious, who are always eaſy and unconſtrain'd; their Houſes are as richly and gayly furniſhed as thoſe of Quality, their Equipages as glaring, and tho they affect a Ridiculous Habit, a *primneſs* of Air, and *Skrew* themſelves up like *truſs'd Rabitts*; yet they are as Foppiſh their way, and by little and little wink at one another in thoſe Modes and Fancies, which they term *Babyloniſh*, *Idolatrous* and *Diabolical*; they love *Muſick* and *Dancing*, tho they won't practiſe it themſelves; read *Plays*, tho they won't ſee 'em, will ſneak into a *Tavern* at the Back Door, *Fornicate* with a *Holy Siſter*, and if by Subtilty in *Trade* they can over reach their Neighbours, 'tis but ingroſſing to themſelves *the Spoils of the Wicked*. The Young *Quakers* of both Sexes, are ſo far *gone from Truth*, as to arrive at moſt *Libertines* of the Age, the Men play as high at *Roly-Roly*, and the Women *Coquet* as much upon the *Walks*, and 'tis no Novelty now a Days to ſee a *Fleet-ſtreet Sylvia* whip into a Tavern with a *Damon*, that has no Button Holes behind.

†‡† *Dropt near the* Play-houſe *in the* Hay Market, *a Bundle of Horſe Whips, deſign'd to belabour the* Footmen *in the Upper Gallery, who almoſt ev'ry Night this* Winter, *have made ſuch an Intollerable Diſturbance, that the Play'rs could not be heard, and their Maſters were forc'd to hiſs 'em into Silence. Whoever has taken up the ſaid* Whips, *is deſired to leave 'em with my Lord* Rake's *Porter, ſeveral Noblemen reſolving to Exerciſe 'em on their Backs the next Froſty Morning.*

†‡† *Loſt in laſt* July, *behind the late Sir* George Whitmore's, *a* Maiden-Head, *the Owner never having miſs'd it, till the Perſon, who ſince Marry'd her, expected to have had it, as part of her Dowry; If the Paiſtery-Cook in* Fleet-ſtreet, *who is ſuppoſed to have brought it away out of a Frolick, will reſtore it again to Mrs.* Sarah Stroakings, *at the Cow-Houſe at* Iſlington, *he ſhall be treated with a Syllabub.*

*†⋆ *I publiſh Banes of Marriage between* Timothy Treatall, *near the* Exchange, *and* Margery Top-Gallant-Sail, *near* Fleet-ſtreet, *Picture Sellers; whoever can ſhow Cauſe, why theſe two Half-ſhops ſhou'd not be join'd to make one whole one, let 'em publiſh it in the Evening Poſt, the ſaid* Timothy *and* Margery *being ſo reciprocally fond of each others Affectation, Impertinence, Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypreciſe; that as Nature in a merry humour has made two ſtrange Creatures ſo a like, it ought to be a Match, that the Town may ſee them both at the ſame Price.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIR William Read, Her Majeſty's Oculiſt in Durham-yard in the Strand, London, by his long Practice, and great Experience, has lately found out a Medicine that clarifies the Eyes from Suffuſions, which infallibly prevents Cataracts in the Beginning, and preſerves the Sight in Old or Young, provided they apply themſelves to him before damaged by Pretenders as has been too fatally experienc'd by many to their great Misfortune; he likewiſe couches Cataracts without Pain or much Confinement, as will be atteſted by many Perſons of Quality and others that have found the good Effect thereof. He alſo cures Hair Lips or Wry Necks, tho' never ſo deformed; or contracted Limbs, and has lately taken ſeveral Wens of a great Bigneſs; particularly one lately from a Gentlewoman that weigh'd 29 Pounds, without any Effuſion of Blood, after the Application of his Styptick Water which any Perſon may be furniſh'd with at his Houſe, with the Medicines for the Eyes above-mention'd.

DR Jackſon's Worm-Powder which has neither Taſte nor Smell, cures Pains, Knawings, Sickneſs at the Stomach, ſtriving to Vomit in a Morning, faintneſs ſinking of the Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Twiſting of the Guts, Intermitting Fevers, hot and cold Fits, ſhivering and trembling in the Limbs, Pthyſicks, Conſumptions, violent Chollicks, Convulſions; Rickets, VVaſting and VVeakneſs in Children and the Green Sickneſs; it opens Obſtructions and creates a good Appetite, prevents fearful Dreams and adds a lively colour to the Face; the former and moſt other Diſeaſes incident to Man VVoman or Child proceed from VVorms, and are Cur'd by this Excellent Worm-Powder which bring away VVorms of all ſorts of length and ſhapes, and leaves the Body in perfect Health. Sold at my Houſe in 3 King Court in the Great Minories; 3 Papers a ſufficient quantity to Cure a Child, 6 Pence a large quantity, for Elder Perſons at a proportionaber Rate.

THeGrand Chymical Anti-Scorbutick, or Drops, for the curvy. The Surprizing effects of this Medicines has gained it ſuch an Univerſal Reputation, that vaſt quantitie, are yearly diſpoſed of in Foreign Countries, as well as here in England, and what is daily uſed by numbers of Phyſicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries in their Practice, and found to be the only certain Remedy for eradicating the moſt inveterate Scurvy, attended with the worſt of Smptoms; as Spots, Blotches, Itches, Eroſion and Bleeding of the Gums, Breaking out of the Skin, Numbneſs, Wearineſs, Pains, &c. carries of gently the Salt ſharp Humours without Confinement, or the leaſt Diſorder, and for maintaining the Appetite, cauſing good Digeſtion, Puryfying the Blood, and rendring the Body lively and vigorous, is not to be exceeded in the whole Republick of Medicines. Is to be had only at Jacob's Coffee-houſe, againſt the Angel and Crown in Threadneedle-ſtreet near the Royal Exchange, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle with Directions.

THE Famous Chymical Quintiſſence of Bohee Tea and Cocoa-Nuts together, wherein the Volatile Salt, Oil and Spirit of them both, are chymically extracted and united, and in which all the Virtues of both Tea and Nut are eſſentially inherent, and is really a pleaſant, refreſhing Preparation, found, upon Experience to be the higheſt Reſtorative that either Food or Phyſick affords; for by it all Conſumptive Habits, Decays of Nature, inward Waſtings, weakly, thin, or emaciated Conſtitutions, Coughs, Aſthma's, Ptyſicks, Loſs of Appetite, &c. are to a Miracle retrieved, and the Body, Blood, and Spirits powerfully corroborated and reſtored. A few Drops of it, in a Diſh of Bohea Tea or Chocolate, is the moſt durable Breakfaſt or Supper, and Outvies, for Virtue and Nouriſhment, 20 Diſhes of either without it; nothing being more nutritive and ſupporting. Likewiſe to ſtrengthen the Back, prevents Miſcarriages, cauſe Procreation and Conception, it is beyond all Medicines, as thoſe that once take it will find, and ſcarce ever live without it. It is alſo the only ſure Cure for Vapours and Melancholly; for thoſe Diſeaſes being occaſioned by the Poorneſs of the Blood and Spirits, this Quintiſſence cures, by its enriching and enlivening Properties. It is ſold only at Mr Laurances, a Toy Shop, at the Sign of the Griffin, th Corner of Bucklersbury, in the Poultry, at 5 s. the Bottle, with Printed Directions.

THe moſt immediate and real Anodine Elixir for the Gripes, Chollick and Wind ever known; the firſt Doſe inſtantly expels the Wind and gives Eaſe, the ſecond or third effectually carries off the Cauſe that the Patient is well, and that whether the Body is Coſtive or Looſe, and whether the Humours are in the Stomach, Bowels or both. In the Gripes and Nervous Chollicks that cauſe Lameneſs in the Limbs, like the Weſt India Gripes, it is the moſt preſent Remedy in the World, as alſo for all Pains in the Stomach or Back, riſing in the Throat, ſtitches in the Sides, windy or flatulent Pains in the Limbs, &c. Is ſold for 3 s. 6 d. the Bottle, at the Golden Key in Wartons Court near Holbourn Bars, with Directions.

THE True Cephalick or Head Snuff, which in twice or thrice uſing, does infinitely more real good than 50 times uſing any other, for by its Peculiar Operation and Effects, it Cures the moſt ſtubborn and dangerous Diſtempers of the Head, ſuch as Apoplexies, Epilepſies, Lethargies, Viſhegoes, Megrims, pains in the Head, Humours in the Eyes, Impoſthums, Vapours, loſs of Memory, Deafneſs, &c, two Papers at moſt times making a perfect Cure, it being what is daily preſcribed and approved by the moſt Eminent Phyſitians. 'Tis to be had only at Mr Varen's a Bookſeller at Seneca's Head near Somerſet Houſe in the Strand, Pr. 1 s. 6 d. the Paper with Directions.

†‡† Marten's 6th Edition with great Additions of the Secret Diſeaſe, ſo very terrible if neglected or ill managed; diſcovering each particular Symptom, ſo as any one may know whether Infected or not, its Nature, Conſequence, and true way of Cure, without Hazard of Reputation and Life in the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders: Illuſtrated with many remarkable Obſervations, Hiſtories of Cures, Letters, &c. ſetting forth the diſmal Effects of ill Cures cauſing many Indiſpoſitions in both Sexes, which they oftentimes are at a loſs to account for. By John Marten Surgeon, Pr. 4 s. Sold by N. Crouch, in the Poultry, J. Knapton in St Paul's Church-yard, P Varenne in the Strand, and at the Authors Houſe in Hatton Garden.

A Perfect and Speedy Cure for the Scurvy, by one peculiar Specifick Remedy, whoſe Operation is ſafe and pleaſant, cauſing no ſickneſs or hindrance of Buſineſs. Words can ſcarce expreſs its tranſcendant and quick Effects, in eradicating that Diſeaſe, cleanſing and ſweeting the Blood and Humours, and freeing the Body and Skin of impurities and defilements; at leaſt wiſe in this ſhort Advertiſement, its Virtues are not to be compriz'd, therefore are at large ſet forth, with an account of the Scurvy, in a Book printed and delivered with the Medicine (the Book without the Medicine 6 d.) which is only ſold by Ts Spooner, at the Golden Half Moon in Lomon-ſtreet in Goodmans-Fields, at 3 s. 6d. the Bottle, or agree for the Cure.

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